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Neckwear

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DECEMBER 11, 1924

Somebody is going to get it in the neck.

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We can't all own Rolls Royce motor cars, but the Sheaffer "lifetime" pen is within the range of every pocketbook. Ranking, as it does, among the supremely fine things of the world—a mechanical masterpiece that has solved every pen difficulty—it is as surprisingly low in cost as it is exquisite in balance and beauty! A great American achievement! It is unconditionally guaranteed for a lifetime, has great manifolding power, large ink capacity, brilliant luster, powerful clip, and a point unrivaled. You must see it today. At better stores everywhere.

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# SHEAFFER'S

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W.A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY  
FORT MADISON, IOWA

DONALD  
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## Hupmobile

**Connecting Rods and Pistons.**—It is common practice to use a gray iron piston of considerable weight, and connecting rods in which weight is considered evidence of strength; and, in spite of this greater weight of reciprocating parts, a comparatively light crankshaft.

But Hupmobile uses drop-forged duralumin connecting rods, because they save weight without sacrificing strength. It uses the lightest gray iron piston, for its size, in America. These light reciprocating parts minimize vibration and reduce wear, increasing the life of the motor and the comfort of the passengers. Vibration is further reduced by reason of the Hupmobile's unusually stiff and heavy crankshaft.



## Perhaps You, Too, Have Asked This Question

Probably you are one of the tens of thousands of motor car owners who have listened to Hupmobile enthusiasts dilating upon the amazing economies of the Hupmobile.

You may have asked yourself: "Why is it my car doesn't give me the same sterling service at similar low costs?"

Hupmobile answers by throwing open to you its entire internal construction.

### *The Enlightening Contrast*

It presents these facts to you in the Hupmobile parts display which you will find at your Hupmobile dealer's. It gives a liberal education in things that make genuine motor car value.

If your car cost \$400 or \$500 more than Hupmobile, you will probably be surprised. Particularly if you are acquainted with the internal structure of your car.

You will see that Hupmobile is superior in the very things that mean longer life and lower costs; that in all important respects, it is as high quality as the finest cars made today.

### *Reason It Out For Yourself*

On the other hand, yours may be a lower priced car than Hupmobile.

After studying this parts display, you might well reason something like this:

"I thought I would save money by paying less than the Hupmobile price. What I was really buying was lesser performance, reliability and comfort to start with, and far higher maintenance costs."

Here you can see plainly why the Hupmobile costs so little to maintain.

That roller bearing in which the countershaft revolves, for instance. It may not seem significant until you read the comparative description underneath. Then you find that its place is taken, in many other cars, by a brass bushing—which eventually means the difference between a repair bill in the other car, and nothing in the Hupmobile.

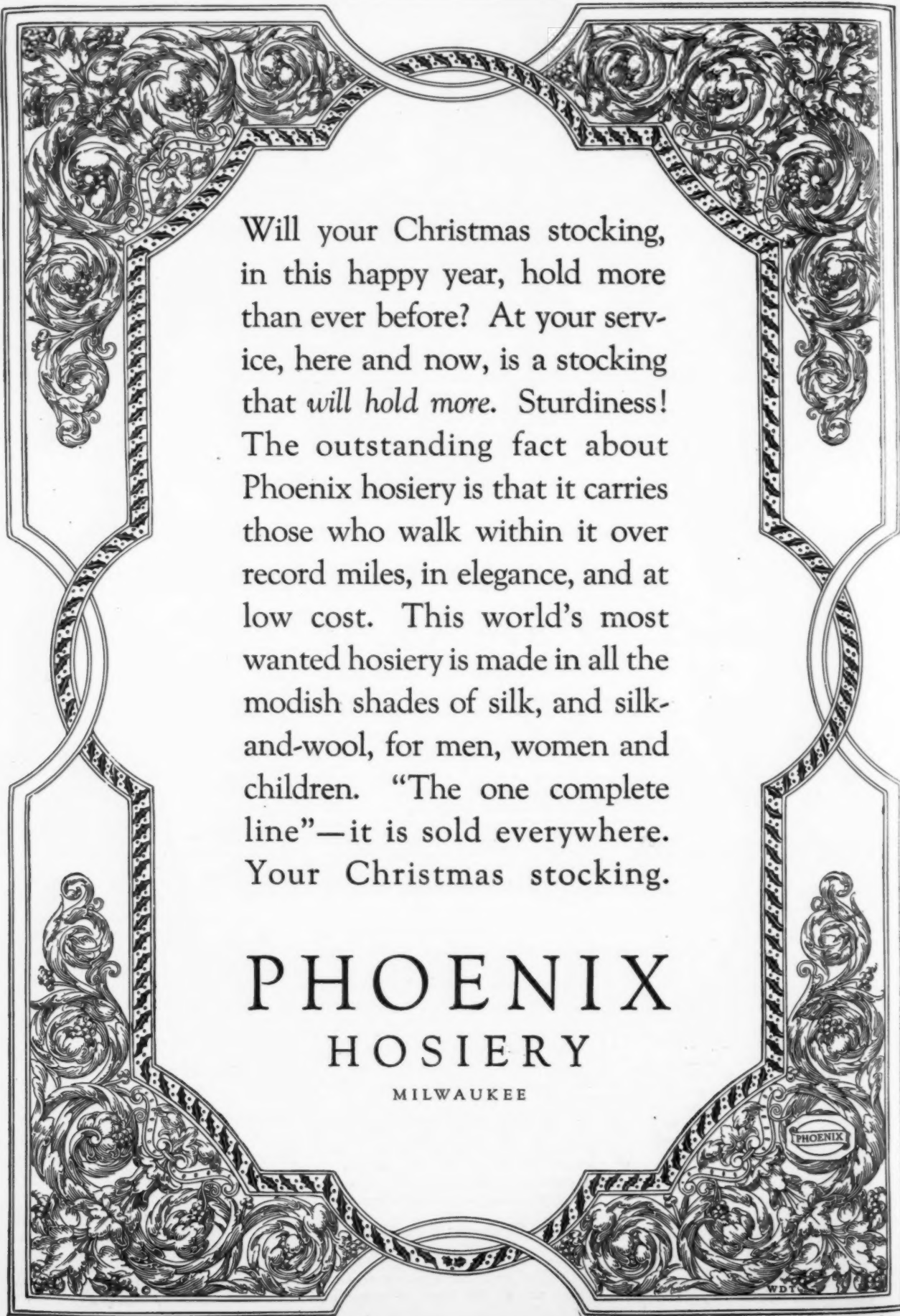
### *The Minimum Price For Quality*

Hupmobile says to you, in deepest sincerity, that you cannot pay less money than the Hupmobile price, and obtain Hupmobile economy and dependability in a motor car.

Furthermore, no matter how much you pay above the Hupmobile price, you cannot buy greater reliability.

**Hupp Motor Car Corporation**  
Detroit, Michigan





Will your Christmas stocking, in this happy year, hold more than ever before? At your service, here and now, is a stocking that *will hold more*. Sturdiness! The outstanding fact about Phoenix hosiery is that it carries those who walk within it over record miles, in elegance, and at low cost. This world's most wanted hosiery is made in all the modish shades of silk, and silk-and-wool, for men, women and children. "The one complete line"—it is sold everywhere. Your Christmas stocking.

# PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

PHOENIX



# Life

## Who's Who

(According to the Popular Notion)

**BRYAN, William Jennings**—Perpetual candidate who drinks grape juice and doesn't believe in monkeys.

**BRYAN, Charles W.**—Brother of above. Ran for something.

**COOLIDGE, Calvin**—President, from Vermont or somewhere around there. Practically dumb, and a great relief.

**DAWES, Charles G.**—Fellow who cusses. Had something to do with the armistice or peace conference, or something.

**HUGHES, Charles Evans**—Federal official with peculiar whiskers.

**JOHNSON, Hiram**—???????

**MARIE, Queen of Roumania**—Lady to whom a mayor's wife is once supposed to have said: "Queen, you said a mouthful."

**MILLERAND and POINCARÉ**—Well, it's either President Millerand and Premier Poincaré or Premier Millerand and President Poincaré.

**PRINCE OF WALES**—The male Irene Castle of Great Britain. Stays out nights something scandalous. And that old gag about his horses, of course.

**ROOSEVELT, Theodore**—Son of Theodore Roosevelt.



MAKING A CLEAN BREAST OF IT

**SMITH, Alfred E.**—If he could have been President, we'd be buying Mount Vernon now for thirteen a case.

**VOLSTEAD, Andrew J.**—Haw, haw, haw! *Tip Bliss.*

**FATHER:** My boy, I hear that you are most recalcitrant.

**SON:** Be yourself, Pop. You've been doing crossword puzzles again.

## The New Publicity

If Our Income Tax, Why Not Also—

**T**HE name of our bootlegger?

The brand of our favorite cigar?

The cook's salary?

The amount we lose at bridge?

The telephone number of our stenographer (if pretty)?

The truthful total of our best golf score?

The address of a good laundry (if we know of any)?

The number of our unpaid bills?

Our wife's right age?

C. G. S.

## Thrills

**T**HE spinning roulette wheel came to a sudden stop, and the little sphere bounded into the space marked 7. A man across the table clutched at his heart and fainted.

\* \* \*

The puffing train came to a sudden stop and a little flapper bounded into the seat marked 7. A man across the aisle clutched at his heart....

**BURLESQUE** is a form of art unique in exhibiting at once raw material and finished product.



"WELL, HOW'S TH' OLE BUS RUNNIN' THESE DAYS, HENRY?"  
"SHE'S GOIN' GOOD, EDDIE. HOWSA MISSUS?"



ON BROADWAY

Stranger: SAY, OFFICER, CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND A DRUG STORE?

Policeman: UP ON THIS SIDE OF THE STREET, ABOUT SIX PADLOCKS FROM HERE.

### Book of Etiquette Please Don't Copy

HOSTESS: So nice of you to come to my dinner.

GUEST: Wasn't it? What does an affair like this cost you?

HOSTESS: I don't believe I quite understand.

GUEST: Answer later. I should also like to know the original cost, together with estimate on subsequent depreciation, of this silver service.

HOSTESS: Why—why, it's an heirloom.

GUEST: You are evading. By the way, what do you pay the servants?

HOSTESS: I should prefer not to discuss—

GUEST: But you must. Now tell me what your husband makes, what you spend on clothes, how much the rent is, if you're considering a divorce and why

you haven't had more children. Also give me a detailed statement of your family budget and your personal habits.

HOSTESS: Sir! This is an outrage! Who—

GUEST: It's perfectly all right, madam. I have a right to receive such information and to publish it in the newspapers. You seem to forget that I'm a Congressman.

NO CURTAIN

Fairfax Downey.

### Power of Suggestion

RUB: Wasn't that wine in the bottle at your place?

DUB: No. Nothing but grape juice.

RUB: Wish I'd known that. I've been acting like a darn fool for two hours.

### New Ballade of Things Known

(With acknowledgments intended as atonement to François Villon, who would have known better.)

I KNOW "to signify" is mean;  
I know that wan is always "pale";  
"Albumin from the castor bean"  
Is *ricin*; and "a road" is *trail*;  
I know that *tack's* "sharp-pointed nail";

I know that *gaze* is "steady look";

I know *Ra, gnu, ire, oaf* and *ale*:  
I'm ready for another book.

I know "wool fabric" is *moreen*;

I know "inheritance"—*entail*;  
"Past perfect form of witnessed," *seen*;  
I know "a valley" is a *vale*;  
I know that *venal* means "for sale";  
An *oven* is "a place to cook";  
I know *spa, pensile, poon* and *shale*:  
I'm ready for another book.

I know "church dignitary's" *dean*;

I know "attack" is to *assail*;  
"The end of day (poet.)" is *e'en*;  
I know "a mournful sound" is *tail*;  
"Caudal appendage" is a *tail*:  
I know *ted, girasol* and *rook*;  
I know *vendetta, orlop, Gael*:  
I'm ready for another book.

L'Envoi

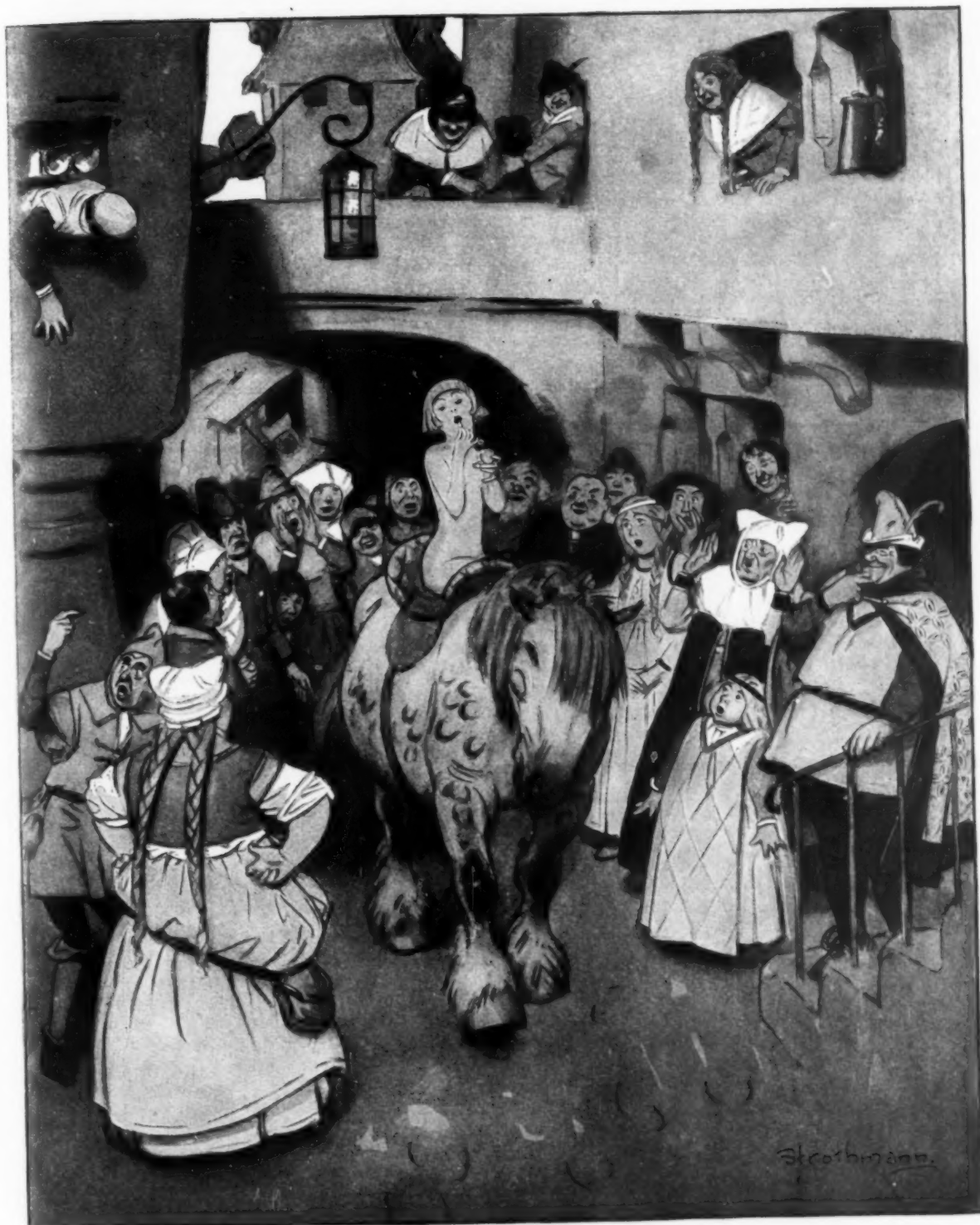
Prince, I know crosswords make you rail,

But, cozy in some quiet nook,  
Though lexicon and Roget fail,  
I'm ready for another book.

Lois Whitcomb.



Reginald: FAT CHANCE I'VE GOT TO BE PRESIDENT WITH THIS SHACK FOR A BIRTHPLACE.



LADY GODIVA HAS HER HAIR DOBBED  
FOR THE OCCASION





A REORDER

"MA SAYS THE LAST CALF LIVER YOU SENT WAS VERY NICE, AND WOULD YOU SEND HER ANOTHER ONE FROM THE SAME CALF."

### The Boomerang

PLUMBER'S WIFE (as tire blows out on country road): Well, why do you sit there—why don't you get up and change it?

PLUMBER: I forgot my tools.

### That Clever Comeback

A JOKEWRITER is a man who thinks hours afterward of the brilliant reply he might have made; writes down the setting—and his reply—and sells both.



He: AREN'T YOU AND THE MISTLETOE ON SPEAKING TERMS?  
 "NOT IN THIS JAM. IT'S TOO MUCH LIKE KISSING YOUR BROTHER GOOD-BY AT A RAILROAD STATION."

### "Macbeth" Modernized

LADY MACBETH: Alack, I am afraid they have awaked, And 'tis not done. Th' attempt and not the deed

Confounds us. Hark....

(Enter Macbeth.)

My husband!

MACBETH (much agitated): I have not done the deed.

The horrid game is up!

LADY MACBETH: How? Up?

MACBETH: Ay, up. With Tarquin's ravishing strides

Towards my design I glided like a ghost.

Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more

Until a word six letters long thou findst Synonymous with —"

LADY MACBETH: Horror! One of those!

MACBETH: Duncan himself! A cross-word puzzle fiend!

LADY MACBETH: Infirm of purpose! Give me the dagger!

MACBETH: Peace! The end's not yet. Even as he spake

Donalbain, bursting from his chamber, cried:

"My liege, we've got Chicago on your radio;

Four thousand miles without an aërial, Wondrous clear." And Duncan, with a shout,

Did bid me come and hear it, anon was gone.

LADY MACBETH (in a sweet rage): Out, damned set! Out, I say!

To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate.

MACBETH: Al's here! Alack, I fear he comes too late. A. H. F.

### Honk! Honk!

"BUT we couldn't have been going that fast, officer. The car can only do thirty-eight miles an hour."

"What d'you want—the whole road?"

"Well, they're the same tires we had on when we left Mudtown, and we've been three thousand miles since then."

"If we don't find a roadhouse soon, I'll die of thirst."

"Wha'd'ya mean—a one-man top!"

"Oh, well, it's not such a long walk."

C. G. S.

DOUBTLESS the Klansman spends his idle evenings playing with fiery crossword puzzles.

## The True Believer

THE Jury of Public Opinion had retired to ballot on the existence of Santa Claus.

"I don't believe in him," said the Father. "I know too blamed well who pays the bills."

"I don't believe in him," said the Mother. "Not after cleaning out the Christmas-tree mess every year."

"If there'd been a Santa," said the Grown Son, "I'd never have flunked the finals."

"And no Santa Claus would ever have handed me the gin to gimme such a headache," snapped the Flapper.

"A real Santa would keep the grafters out of office," snorted the Woman in Public Life.

"And put muzzles on interfering idiots," snarled the Politician.

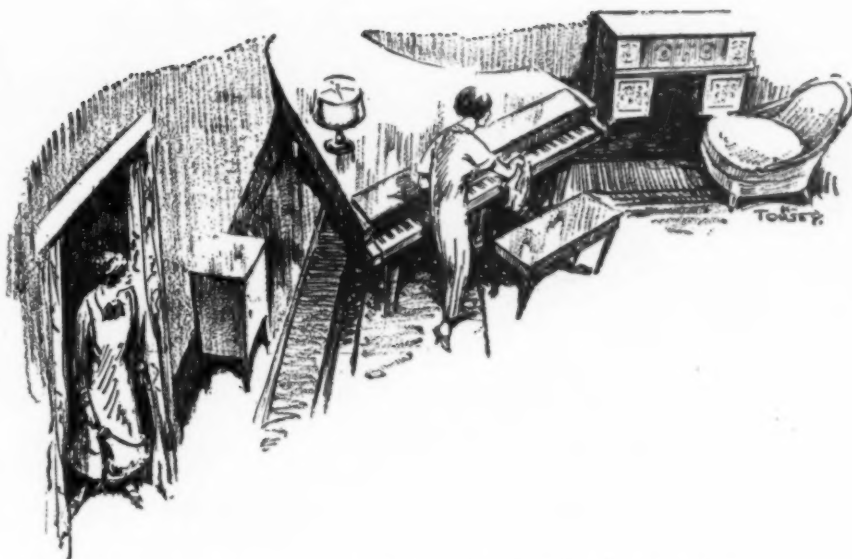
"He'd have seen to it that that express didn't rip off my mudguard," growled the Speed Bug.

"I'd like to see any gent get out of my shop alive with his whiskers in that condition," declared the Barber.

The Tiny Tot, the Sales Lady and the Hack Writer added their dissent.

"Since we are all agreed that there is no Santa Claus," said the Woman in Public Life, who, of course, was foreman, "we will report to the Court that—"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," interrupted the twelfth member, who



The Maid: SHE'S A HOPEFUL SOUL, SHE IS! DUSTIN' OFF THE PIANO KEYS EVERY NIGHT IN HOPES HER HUSBAND WILL ASK HER TO PLAY "LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG," INSTEAD OF STARTIN' HIS RADIO!

had not yet spoken. "I believe in Santa Claus. Every year don't my stuff get rottener an' rottener, an' every year don't the people holler more for it? Every year don't I charge 'em more an' givvum less, an' every year don't they fall over themselves tryin' to get it? Who brings me the fatheads with lotsa jack, if it ain't Santa Claus?"

"One moment, please," broke in the Woman in Public Life, coldly. "Just who are you?"

"I'm a Movin' Pitcher Exhibitor. Sure, I believe in Santa Claus!"

Tip Bliss.

## Take the Credit

WHEN others praise your work don't be deprecating. It is false modesty, and besides, you may be wrong. Or worse, you may be right.

## Fable

ONCE upon a time there was a man who admitted that he had no sense of humor.

## A Business Letter

### GENTLEMEN:

We acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 11th instant, requesting payment of our past due account. In reply we beg to advise that we have divided our creditors into three groups, as follows:

Group 1. Those that will be paid within a reasonable time.

Group 2. Those that are not excluded from the possibility of a later payment.

Group 3. Those that will not be paid under any circumstances.

In view of the kind and lenient sentiments expressed in your letter, it gives us pleasure to advise you that your claim has been realigned—from Group 3 to Group 2.

Very truly yours, D. BEATT & Co.

## R-r-revenge!

CLAUDIA: I hate you beastly men. I hate you! I hate you!

CLAUD: Well, what are you going to do about it?

CLAUDIA: I'm going to get a job as a telephone operator.

THE newly elected woman Secretary of State of New York says women are as fit to govern as men. If they're no fitter than that they're not fit to.



"MA! HOW BIG IS SANTA CLAUS?"



MODERNIST IMPRESSION OF AN ACROBAT DRESSING



## The Business Primer

### THE CON-FER-ENCE

A CON-FER-ENCE is now be-gun—  
Oh, let's sneak up and see the fun!  
the Pres-i-dent, with man-ner weight-y  
Tells how he went a-round in eight-y;  
The V.-P., with a pen-cil and  
E-las-tic, mim-ics Sou-sa's Band;  
And that is why, as you will see,  
The Board is B-O-R-E-D.

### THE MEM-O-RAN-DUM PAD

The Mem-o-ran-dum Pad be-hold:  
Its use-s are quite man-i-fold;  
Up-on it one draws squares and cones  
And cir-cles, while one tel-e-phones—  
And scrib-les down a few ad-dress-es;  
Then lat-er, when need for them  
press-es,  
You'll find out, great-ly to your cost,  
A Mem-o Pad is al-ways lost!

A. C. M. Asoy, Jr.

## Sweet Charity

THE happy Christian, after long  
struggles to fit the list of presents  
to the bank account, numerous trips  
home loaded down under all shapes and  
sizes of packages, a life-and-death  
struggle with the Christmas tree, a  
catch-as-catch-can bout with the turkey  
on the Christmas dinner platter,—after  
all these blessings, drops a dollar in

the church Christmas offering out of  
pity for the poor heathen, who has no  
Christmas at all but who sits, peaceful  
and happy, fanning himself with a leaf  
and eating fruit in the shade of a  
palm tree.

W. L. W.



Critical Mastodon (to Pterodactyl): I S'POSE HE'S ALL RIGHT F'R AN  
EXPERIMENT, BILL, BUT TAKE IT FR'M ME—HE WON'T LAST TWO STRATA!



"YA OUGHTA SEE THE SWELL THINGS THE FOUNDRY NEWS SAID ABOUT  
THE TEA SHE GIVE. MRS. PINKEY WAS ASTED 'N' SHE SAYS IF THEY WAS  
ONE THEY WAS A DOZEN KEGS ROLLED IN."

## Bringing in the Yule Log

(As It Would Be Done in 1924)

YULE Log is cut by Lumbermen's  
Union and is sent by logging rail-  
way to nearest shipping point of the  
National Yule Log Corporation.

There consigned with other Yule  
Logs to the Yule Log Distributing  
Agency and loaded on a flat car.

Train of Yule Logs starts for city.

Yule Log sold to jobber or whole-  
saler, f. o. b. New York.

Yule Log speculators get Yule Log  
and hold it with thousands of others  
to jack up price to retailers.

Retailers tell consumers that "owing  
to the great scarcity of suitable timber,  
Yule Logs will be high this season."

Yule Log Handlers' Union strikes  
for fifteen dollars a day and shorter  
working hours.

Public is notified that Yule Logs will  
be sold only on the cash-and-carry prin-  
ciple, one to a customer.

Consumers strike; gas logs substi-  
tuted.

A. H. F.

## Father Gander

TO Wall Street, to Wall Street to buy  
a few stocks. Home again, home  
again, minus my socks.



Scorekeeper (covering fact that he did not catch the name of strange fourth):

AND—ER—HOW DO YOU SPELL YOUR NAME, ANYWAY?

Fourth: J-O-N-E-S.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

December  
2nd

This morning, being unwontedly ravenous, I did make a fine breakfast, feeling sorry for the vegetarians who must deprive themselves of the pleasure of eating crisp bacon.... Fifi Fittler in early to see me, with the tidings that she has broken forever with Hank Compton and is experiencing her first tranquillity in six years. In fact, quoth Fifi, life would be simply perfect now if only my watch would run! As a rule I do not credit my sex when they speak of having burned their romantic bridges, but F.'s casual manner confirmed her speech. Lord! I do wonder who the new man is. But albeit I made her stop to luncheon and outdid Fabius in my conversational tactics, I could learn naught.... Reading all the afternoon in *Three Flights Up*, a book of fine stories by Sidney Howard, and when Sam came in I did read him the quotation from Lewis Carroll which is printed on the flyleaf and ask him what would be the most impossible thing in the world for him to believe. Where to he rejoined, after some grave reflection, That the taste of castor oil can be successfully disguised.

December  
3rd

At the telephone betimes, trying to learn from our grocer if there be any difference between seventy-cent and one-dollar eggs other than thirty cents, but he proved to be more of a tradesman than a scientist, as I might have

(Continued on page 32)

## Inspiration

DEAR Edna, I kissed you  
And got such a thrill,  
The story I wrote  
Paid a year's tailor bill—

Sweet Florence, the feel of  
Your brow, neck and cheek  
Inspired a lyric  
That kept me a week—

And Daphne, you darling,  
The touch of your mouth  
Brought forth a cadenza  
That paid my trip South.

You, Cleo, elusive,  
Could I read your eyes  
I'm sure I should capture  
The Pulitzer Prize!

Morgan Marsh.

## There You Are

A PRIZE of \$5,000 has been offered for the best essay on the theory of wages. The prize-winning essay, which will not win the prize, is: The theory of wages is (1) Sting the Bloodsucking Employers for All You Can Get; (2) Don't Pay the Loafers of Employees Any More Than You Can Help.

MOTHER: How did you persuade Daughter to undergo that nasal operation?

FATHER: I told her it would improve her ability to inhale.



"SORRY, SIR, BUT THAT TOWEL WAS SO HOT I COULDN'T HOLD IT ANOTHER SECOND."

# The Glass Blower's Christmas

## A Holiday Drama

SCENE 1: A Glass Blower's Hut in Czecho-Slovakia.

PRONTZ (singing with sarcasm): "I'm forever blowing . . ."

HIS MOTHER: Yea, thou lazy dolt—forever blowing the meanest of glass globes for the Christmas trees. No higher expression of our art will they entrust to thee. Never have I seen any one so averse to blowing.

PRONTZ (withering his aged mother with a look): Is it my fault that my father was a Scotsman? But soft, Chemille approaches.

(Enter Chemille, the beautiful daughter of Fulp, chief of the tribe of glass blowers.)

CHEMILLE: Give thee good-den, Grandam.

THE MOTHER: Have some thyself, Chemille. (She goes out.)

PRONTZ: What news, my love?

CHEMILLE: The very worst news, The American firm that purchases our village wares has sent word there is no longer a demand for them. Fulp, my chieftain father, racks his brains and those of every man in the village for a new idea. Already he has worn out three racks.

PRONTZ: And to no avail?

CHEMILLE: To none whatever. All seem to feel there is nothing new in the blown-glass line. As a last resort he is calling a council of the entire tribe to-night.

PRONTZ (cagerly): Hast spoken to him of our love?

CHEMILLE: Yea, Oh, Prontz, he will never consent. "Marry the laughing-stock of our tribe?" he said. "The worst and laziest glass blower? Is the



MUSIC UP-TO-DATE

JUST A FEW MORE NOISES ADDED TO THOSE WE HAVE

daughter of the chieftain to become *déglassée*?"

PRONTZ (tenderly): And yet thou lovest me?

CHEMILLE: Alas, I do. But I am shamed for thee, Prontz. When all other young men of the village vie to see who can blow the largest—thou,

thou art ever persisting to see how small thou canst blow.

PRONTZ (passionately): Shall I waste the breath on common silica that might be better spent breathing words of love into thy exquisite pink ears?

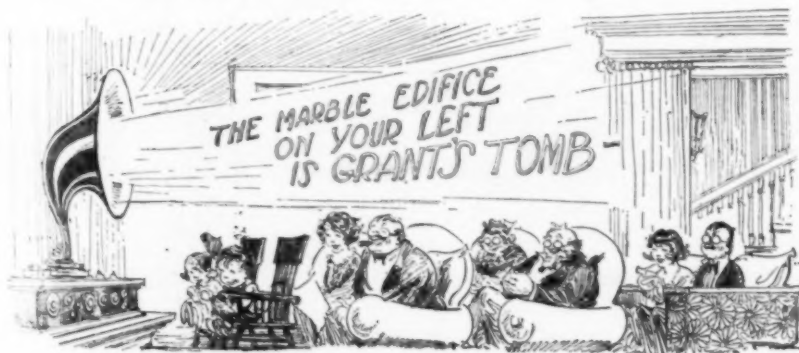
CHEMILLE (practically): Yes. (She goes out.)

CURTAIN

SCENE 2: The Council Hut of the Glass Blowers. The Villagers are assembled.

FULP: As you doubtless know, citizens, the American firm will not grant us our yearly check unless we can produce another new idea in the G. B. line. As you doubtless know, we shall all starve in the bitter winter unless we can meet their conditions. And, as you doubtless know, our only other source of income, the Christmas tree ornament

(Continued on page 29)



SIGHTSEEING AT HOME





WHAT NEXT?

### These Men!

SHE knew that she looked her best. From the smart little hat down to the tiny slippered feet, every item represented fashion's latest whim. The lobby contained enough men to make it interesting, too.

Coolly she swanked across the deep carpet, not too fast, not too slow. And they looked, first. Then they stared, not rudely, but steadily. She was fiercely conscious of it.

As she reached the other side her

cheeks flushed, scarlet. It made her furious.

*Five years passed.*

She knew that she looked her best. From the smart little hat down to the tiny slippered feet, every item represented fashion's latest whim. The lobby contained enough men to make it interesting, too.

Coolly she swanked across the deep carpet, not too fast, not too slow. And

they looked, first. Then they stared, back into their newspapers, or at other women. She was fiercely conscious of it.

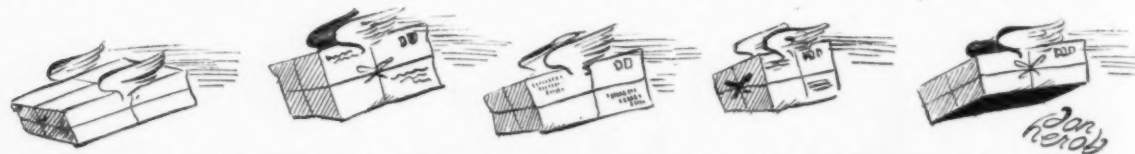
As she reached the other side her cheeks flushed, scarlet. It made her furious.

*Stanley Jones.*

### Travelogue

"GOING to Florida again this winter?"

"I think so. I heard my mother recommending California to my wife."



CHRISTMAS PACKAGES GOING WEST WHICH MIGHT AS WELL HAVE STAYED EAST



CHRISTMAS PACKAGES GOING EAST WHICH MIGHT AS WELL HAVE STAYED WEST

THE MATERIALIST'S VIEW OF CHRISTMAS



*Skippy:* PAPA, NOT TO-MORROW MORN-  
ING, 'N' THE NEXT TO-MORROW MORNING  
'N' THE NEXT TO-MORROW MORNING, BUT  
THE NEXT TO-MORROW MORNING, IS THAT  
CHRISTMAS?

"HUH? WHAT? CHRISTMAS—  
ER—NO—NO!"



*Skippy:* WELL, THEN, NOT THAT NEXT TO-  
MORROW MORNING 'N' THE NEXT TO-MORROW  
MORNING 'N' THE NEXT TO-MORROW MORNING  
'N' THE NEXT TO-MORROW MORNING, BUT THE  
NEXT TO-MORROW MORNING, IS THAT CHRIST-  
MAS?

"ER—NO! SON, LET PAPA GO TO SLEEP NOW,  
HUH?"



"PST, PAPA, PAPA—OH, PAPA,  
PAPA!"



*P. J. Clapham*

"AFTER, MAYBE."

Skippy



DECEMBER 11, 1924

VOL. 84. 2197

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President  
598 Madison Avenue, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breems Bldgs., London, E. C.



said her influence would have been supreme if she had "the old faith of Christ for which she was supposed to be erected," and when the *Harvard Bulletin* had reprinted the Cardinal's discourse with temperate comments on it, up rose John Jay Chapman and by way of response to the Cardinal sent to the papers an open letter to Bishop Lawrence, a member of the Harvard Corporation, saying that when James Byrne passes out of that body, he should not be succeeded by another Roman Catholic.

So battle is invited, but will there be any fight? Will any one gird on dangerous weapons, even of tongue and pen, because Cardinal O'Connell says that Harvard, like Oxford and Cambridge before her, "has missed the way because she has cut off the light"?

Probably not! Fights are bad for business, and religious fights, if they go all the way, are the worst of all. This country at present is not interested in issues. What it wants is dividends. That was conspicuous in the late campaign for the Presidency. Issues went for nothing. Persons went for much, and business for more. Now that the votes have been counted, and we know who was elected, any one may say anything, but no one will fight.

Besides, when a Cardinal suggests that you don't get real light except through the Roman Catholic Church,

it is of no use to take issue with him. There is no way of getting a decision. The old way by rack and stake, sword and gun has been tried a-plenty and dismissed as unprofitable. The current fashion is for every one to reach what conclusions he can and speak them if he will with due consideration of times, places and the law of libel. Almost all civilized countries protect their citizens in the use of that method, only, as intimated, if they would prosper in business, or even in politics, they must use it with discretion. "Be ye wise as serpents, harmless as doves" is still the rule of successful propaganda. What we have to be thankful for in these times is that we can go for light wherever we think we see it glimmer, and that no one has power to insist that we shall get it where he says.

All the churches, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, others if there are some, get on together much better than they did twenty, thirty, forty years ago. The war taught them that they could fight on the same side and that implied that they could pray on the same side also. When the Christian churches are united again, if ever, it will not be because one side beats the other, but because they are all affected by a new spirit that comes into the world. New truth is usually rejected when it first makes its bow, but in the course of time it gets in everywhere.



AS for Mr. Byrne in the Harvard Corporation, the Corporation is lucky to have him. He is a lawyer of high distinction, and has been President of the Harvard Club, and of the Bar Association, of the City of New York, and a

member of the Board of Regents of New York State. What Mr. Chapman seems to be after is not to make trouble about Mr. Byrne, but to make a note against the establishment of a precedent that there shall always be a Catholic member of the Harvard Corporation, and generally to stir up discussion of the policies and proceedings of the Roman Catholic Church in these States. He thinks talk about that Church is much too carefully and generally suppressed. That is considerably true, and in so far as it is true it is bad, and results in such activities as the Ku Klux.



OF course Harvard University, with new adventures in education, and especially the new business school, on its hands, would not wish just now, or indeed ever, to be involved in any dispute about religion. Its natural course, therefore, is to stand pat and so far as Mr. Chapman and his instigation go, to show good will to both parties. Following that course it may very properly next Commencement confer the honorary degree of Litt. D. on Cardinal O'Connell and on Mr. Chapman. On the Cardinal because he made a remarkable address, interesting, of a very skilled discretion, and profitable to Harvard readers when brought to their attention by the *Bulletin*. On Mr. Chapman because by his bold invasion of reticence he got the Cardinal's address so much talked about, and made a lot of people think to whom thought is an irksome exercise. Certainly both of these gentlemen named deserve Litt. D.'s from Harvard, and Bishop Lawrence and Mr. Byrne as members of the Corporation should see that they get them; Mr. Byrne exerting himself for Mr. Chapman, and Bishop Lawrence for the Cardinal.

Mr. Chapman on occasion is an agitator. In that capacity he plies a trade most unpopular. Everybody outside of the crazy houses is lazy, and hates to think, and dislikes to be punched up to that exertion. Such people want the world so quiet you can hear a pin drop, and when a man like Chapman comes along and drops a dumb-bell, they think it is awful. But it has to be done now and then; else the world would stag-



nate; and there must be people who are bumptious enough to do it.



A HINDU Philosopher lately quoted in the *World* says the whole world is about to be reborn spiritually, and that one of the most effective agents in the process is to be the American business man. He speaks very well of our business man, does this contemplative Hindu, and represents him as being a great, though perhaps unconscious, force in bringing good will to earth. He says he has brought Ford cars to India and that they are doing India much good.

Something like a spiritual rebirth does seem to be coming, and there are a good many signs and announcements of it. We must not let the preliminaries worry us, for we do not know much about the processes of such things. We do know, however, that if a spiritual cmelet is to be made of the religions of this world there have got to be some eggs cracked first, so let us not be too violently displeased with gentlemen who feel a call to crack them.

Assaults usually breed sympathy for the assaulted. They often do precisely the opposite of what they seem to be doing, but usually it takes time for the final effect to be disclosed.



BUSINESS does not seem to object to football. The season is short, but while it lasts it is very engrossing. It helps obviously to get people separated from money and possibly business tolerates it for that reason. It likes to have money circulate. One would hardly say that the money spent in football is productive, but certainly it is consumptive. It wears out motor cars, coaches, clothes, stimulates the flower market, increases consumption of food, pays the railroads a good deal for transportation and keeps things moving generally. Consumers are in great request. Besides, how would the newspapers fill up in the football season if there was no football?

Football is not sensitive. You may

thump it before and behind, hit it between the eyes, say anything you like about it, and it never whines, never writes you that it is going to stop the paper, never threatens, and when it does respond it signs its name. There seem to be very few anonymous sneaks in the football business. Whether education thinks as well of it as business does may be disputed, but probably it does. An undergraduate writes: "This week before the game is as much a loss of time spent on studies as the Christmas holidays." It does seem to waste a lot of time, but who can say what time is wasted and what not?

Other safe subjects which one can write of without much fear of serious hurt to anybody's feelings are fights, hold-ups, murders, killings by motor cars, Mayor Hylan, Tammany Hall, Koenig the Republican Czar, the League of Nations, the war in China, Russia and her Bolsheviks, Mussolini's latest efforts in statecraft, reduction of taxation, forest preservation, divorce, women's clothes and several more. These are all safe subjects. Nobody cares what you say about them so long as you say it agreeably to readers.

E. S. Martin.



HE'D BETTER HAVE IT ANALYZED



The Spirit of Christmas —



Christmas — Twelve Miles Out



## Two Ways

**GIVEN:** An old husband, a young wife, a virile and contiguous young man. This triangle has long been the basis for one of the four great national jokes of France. In Russia they make tragedies out of it.

In America we do both. The subject has been taken by Eugene O'Neill and tortured into a terrific catastrophe with the title, "Desire Under the Elms." Sidney Howard has fashioned a fine comedy from the same material and called it "They Knew What They Wanted." We rather think that, on the whole, Mr. Howard has done the better job, for his comedy has moments of great pathos, a necessary thing for comedy, but Mr. O'Neill's tragedy has moments of unconscious comedy, a terrible thing for a tragedy.



"**DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS**" is, up to a certain point, one of the finest things O'Neill has ever written. It shuts down over you with its cold, damp, until, in spite of the eight different varieties of New England dialect (all wrong but one) which its characters speak, you feel that you are a part of the rocky farm on which the scene is laid and that you are never going to get in even to Boylston Center again.



**T**HEN something happens, and Mr. O'Neill goes quite mad. It is almost as if he were burlesquing his own tragedy. Like Hardy, who, frenzied with the taste of heart's blood, has two-thirds of his characters in "The Return of the Native" commit suicide by jumping into a brook one after the other, O'Neill takes his people and has them wallow in *Weltschmerz* until the chief protagonist can think of nothing more terrible to do than threaten to turn all the cows loose. Unless the cows should enter into the spirit of the thing and tear moaning down the road, this would seem a rather flat manifestation of tragedy. One pictures them rather as stopping a few feet away from the barn and wondering meditatively what it was all about.

With his sudden access of energy, the author becomes positively phony in his theatrical repetition of catch-lines and "significant" situations, and what was earlier in the evening a grand play ends in a blaze of green fire with

an imaginary orchestra playing "The Funeral March of a Marionette."

Mary Morris and Walter Huston, especially Miss Morris, are worthy of the first half of the play, than which we can think of no higher praise.



**MR. HOWARD**, on the other hand, has dared much more than Mr. O'Neill in running this theme through a comedy. There are times when you don't see for the life of you how the thing can possibly end tolerably. Yet it does, and with a great deal of distinction, too. With several scenes of industrial sociology deleted, it will be one of the few fine American things that the Theatre Guild has done.

Of course, Pauline Lord raises it to heights which make even the qualification "American" unnecessary. Her *Anna Christie* was undergraduate work for *Amy* in this play. It is just about as near a perfect performance as you are likely to see. Glenn Anders, in spite of the fact that on the opening night he was not allowed to take a curtain call (or at any rate *didn't* take it), contributed the next most satisfying characterization and, in every way, held up his end of the remarkable scenes with Miss Lord. This does not mean that Richard Bennett did not practically tear our heart out, but he is one of the stars and every one knows that he is good. Mr. Anders is very young and has had to live down "The Demi-Virgin," and so his splendid performance seems a much more important piece of news. All in all, it was a big night at the Garrick.



**W**HAT with Christmas numbers and everything, we are a bit late in running a notice about "Silence," but as there is no question about its being here for some time, we might as well add our word.

"Silence" is a good, old-fashioned, flash-back crook play with only one gun-shot in it (in the second act, in case you like to prepare). H. B. Warner is the gentle-voiced hero, and there isn't much that you could ask of a hero that Mr. Warner doesn't give. In the old days we might have worked around into saying that "Silence" would probably prove golden, but somehow it doesn't seem worth while now. That's age.

Robert Benchley.



# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Badges.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

**Conscience.** *Belmont*—A discussion of what's right and what's wrong, humanized by Lillian Foster's performance.

**Dancing Mothers.** *Maxine Elliott's*—The problem of the gay young people, stated in much the same manner as usual but with a different solution.

**Dawn.** *Sam H. Harris*—To be reviewed later.

**The Desert Flower.** *Longacre*—Helen MacKellar in love among the box-cars.

**Desire Under the Elms.** *Greenwich Village*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Fake.** *Hudson*—Killing justified on the grounds of public good. Godfrey Tearle as the gentlemanly killer.

**The Harem.** *Belasco*—To be reviewed later.

**High Stakes.** *Eltinge*—Lowell Sherman adding a touch to a melodrama which needs more than a touch.

**My Son.** *Nora Bayes*—What the Cape Cod Portuguese talk about.

**Parasites.** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed next week.

**The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.** *Cort*—Ethel Barrymore in a revival of Pinero's still interesting drama.

**Shipwrecked.** *Wallack's*—A fire at sea and everything.

**Silence.** *National*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Simon Called Peter.** *Klaw*—The popular novel made into what is intended to be a popular play.

**They Knew What They Wanted.** *Garrick*—Reviewed in this issue.

**What Price Glory?** *Plymouth*—A marine's-eye view of the war and a splendid play.

**White Cargo.** *Daly's*—What happens when a white man tries to buck the African sun.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—If only some comedy beginning with "Aba" would come along, so we shouldn't have to begin the list with this each week. Even that would be a help.

**The Best People.** *Lyceum*—The old story of parents and children and how they grew.

**Close Harmony.** *Gaiety*—To be reviewed later.

**The Farmer's Wife.** *Comedy*—English rustics in conference on marriage.

**The Firebrand.** *Morosco*—The vagrant Rhodo of Benvenuto Cellini as the theme for a highly amusing comedy, with Joseph Schildkraut as the boy himself.

**Grounds for Divorce.** *Empire*—Regulation Hungarian divorce proceedings, enlivened by the art of Ina Claire.

**The Guardsman.** *Booth*—Delightful performances by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt in a comedy of domestic fidelity.

**The Man in Evening Clothes.** *Henry Miller's*—To be reviewed later.

**Minick.** *Bijou*—O. P. Heggie as the old gentleman who tries living at his son's house. A true play of American home life.

**New Brooms.** *Fulton*—To be reviewed next week.

**Peter Pan.** *Knickerbocker*—What used to be our favorite play. Marilyn Miller in the title rôle.

**Pigs.** *Little*—Just a nice little story of the business and other adventures of two young people.

**The Show-Off.** *Playhouse*—If you haven't seen it already, you should.

**The Way of the World.** *Cherry Lane*—An interesting revival of Congreve's old comedy.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Annie Dear.** *Times Square*—Billie Burke and Ernest Truex in a musical version of "Good Gracious, Annabelle."

**Artists and Models.** *Astor*—The customary thing.

**Dixie to Broadway.** *Broadhurst*—Florence Mills and her colored company in a show that hums.

**The Grab Bag.** *Globe*—If you like Ed Wynn—and who doesn't?

**Greenwich Village Follies.** *Winter Garden*—Good-looking, and very funny for five minutes when Moran and Mack are on. Mordkin is also a member now.

**I'll Say She Is.** *Casino*—The Four Marx Brothers, our favorite comic family.

**Kid Boots.** *Selwyn*—Eddie Cantor and his gold mine.

**Lady, Be Good!** *Liberty*—To be reviewed later.

**Madame Pompadour.** *Martin Beck*—A superior score.

**The Magnolia Lady.** *Shubert*—To be reviewed later.

**Marjorie.** *Forty-Fourth St.*—Elizabeth Hines and Andrew Tombes in a good all-around show.

**Music Box Revue.** *Music Box*—To be reviewed later.

**My Girl.** *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed later.

**Princess April.** *Ambassador*—To be reviewed later.

**Ritz Revue.** *Ritz*—Beautiful but dumb. Charlotte Greenwood and Jimmy Savo help the comedy.

**Rose-Marie.** *Imperial*—Charming music, well sung.

**The Student Prince.** *Jolson's Fifty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

**Vanities.** *Earl Carroll*—Joe Cook and a much-scandalized show.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam*—Will Rogers.



IT LIVES BY WHAT THE SUCKERS BRING IT

## Music

**Y**OU don't have to be ashamed of jazz any more. M. Maurice Ravel, who is French and modern and liberal, started something when he announced that jazz was America's most significant contribution to the music of the world.

Then Eva Gauthier, a concert singer, also modern and liberal, put a group of jazz songs upon a serious program, with George Gershwin at the piano.

Next Gershwin himself broke the crystal of tradition by writing a Rhapsody in Blue, for piano and jazz orchestra. To-day Paul Whiteman's band is the most popular of all concert attractions, and Serge Koussevitzky, Russian conductor of the Boston Symphony, adds his stamp of approval. Finally Otto Kahn himself nods his "stately pleasure dome" and climbs on the band-wagon already graced by a prodigal son.

Undoubtedly a few people are pretending to like jazz to-day just as thousands used to pretend to like the classics. But with most of us the response to lively rhythms and strange effects of instrumental color is an honest one. And out of this new sincerity may come an equally honest love of permanently beautiful music.

\* \* \*

**S**PEAKING of the Gershwin Rhapsody, as many have lately, this piece is something like Friday's foot-print. It is important because there is only one of it.

The Rhapsody in Blue is an experiment in freeing jazz from the padded cell of the conventional fox-trot. It would be good propaganda even if it were not particularly good music.

John Alden Carpenter did something similar in his Krazy Kat Ballet, but he left the brunt of the job to Herriman's living pictures. Debussy also had an idea in the Golliwog's Cakewalk, but he stuck to a strict dance rhythm.

George Gershwin is very free in his rhapsody, rhythmically, melodically, harmonically. But his slow tune actually has a heart tug, and the details of his workmanship command respect. It is largely on account of Gershwin's Rhapsody that the musical intelligentsia have taken Whiteman's concerts so seriously. There is a rumor that symphony orchestras will be playing the piece this season.

**A** NEW pianist in the field is named Dorothy Miller Duckwitz. She plays exceedingly well, too, but how is the public to be persuaded that any one with a name like Duckwitz can play the piano? An English girl, Ethel Liggins, changed her name to Leginska, and wisely, for she has now acquired a Polish reputation.

Lucy Hickenloper, of Galveston and Cincinnati, became Olga Samaroff with the help of a convenient grandmother. To-day one of the finest of the women pianists still falls short of proper recognition because her name is Germaine Schnitzer.

One of LIFE's great contributors of the past once asked, "What's in a name?" Musically, the answer is, "Just about everything, Bill."

(Continued on page 31)

## Little-Known Spots in Any Great City

**A** QUIET supper restaurant.

A laundry that always returns all the linen in perfect condition.

A drug store that deals only in drugs.

A theatre that raises its curtain on time.

A club that is really gay.

A servant agency that never fails.

A street corner where there has not been a hold-up.

An empty hotel.

A statue of Andrew Volstead.

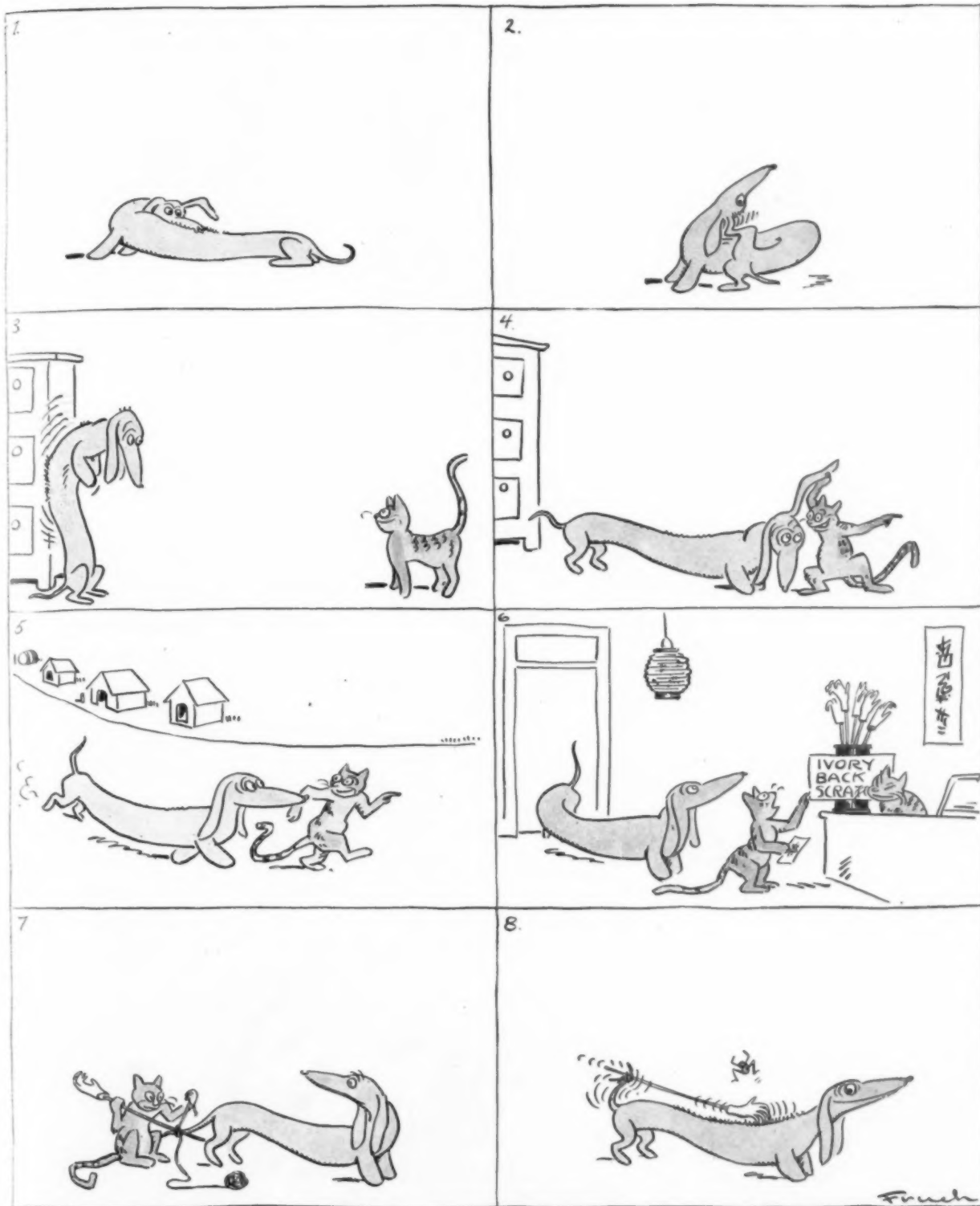
## His Masterpiece

**"D**ID I talk much in my delirium?" asked the free-verse writer.

"Yes," replied his wife. "I've got it all down and ready to send out."



Reformer's Child: POP, DO YOU SUPPOSE THEY'LL ALLOW ANY SWEARING IN THE NEXT WAR?



A BEDTIME STORY



This Picture Has No Title

\$1,000.00 in Prizes to the Winners of this Title Contest

For the best titles to this cartoon, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

FIRST PRIZE.....	\$500	THIRD PRIZE.....	\$150
SECOND PRIZE.....	\$300	FOURTH PRIZE.....	\$50

#### CONDITIONS

BY "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the picture reproduced above.

The Contest is now open and open to everybody, whether subscribers for LIFE or not, and will close at this office at noon on Saturday, December 20, 1924.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original, or may be a quotation from some well-known author, and should not exceed twenty words each. Contestants may send in more than one title, but not more than ten in one envelope.

Should two or more persons submit the title selected as best, second best,

etc., each will be awarded the full amount of the prize tied for.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the Contest (allowing for completion of the final reading). Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award.

The members of LIFE's Staff, of course, are not permitted to compete. All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing titles, typewritten or very plainly written, using one side of paper only, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet.

### Eureka!

SLEEP was impossible as he lay thinking, searching the remotest corners of his brain for a possible clue to an escape. Yet he knew that he could hardly hope for one, for every outlet had been tried, not once but many times. Hours seemed centuries.

Dawn found him still in the grip of that intangible something. His energy spent, he was fighting within himself. What was the use of paddling, then sinking? It might go on forever, the mystery unsolved. Yield? After fighting so long? Hang on!

A peep of light! Escape at last! But it faded and failed even as those before had faded and failed. Drowsily he raised himself. He walked, but it walked with him . . . faster! . . . It dogged him like a shadow. He was reaching the limit of his endurance; it couldn't go on. Taking his knife in hand, he decided to cease trying. He was conquered, beaten.

Hold on! My God! Could it be true? Yes! Success was his. He was conqueror, not conquered. There it was, leisurely riding the waves created by the nervous stirring of the knife in the alphabet soup—the missing word of the crossword puzzle!

Tom J. Geraghty, Jr.

### Mnemonics

SAID an elephant, all of a pet,  
"Of course I remember we've met;  
You're Addison Sims,  
A sight for sore glims—  
Can an elephant ever forget?"

THEORIST: After the automobile,  
what?

HIS WIFE (brightly): Dust!

### Help!

WITH a little over a week to go, the Judges of LIFE's Picture Title Contest are being fed oxygen that they may breast the final, frantic flow of answers. Fresh thousands arrive with each new mail. Don't let that worry you. Get your latest ideas for the winning title in NOW. The whistle doesn't blow until Saturday noon, December 20, but remember, all answers must be IN THE OFFICE at that time to be eligible.



The Kid: CUT OUT THAT RACKET! I THINK I'VE GOT HAVANA.



# The Plum Pudding

A Christmas Masque

"GO forth!" cried the King to the Princes;  
"As Christmas undoubtedly comes,  
The Princess Eulalia evinces  
A wish for a Pudding of Plums."

There came through the hurly and burly  
An urchin unnoted by Fame;  
His hair was remarkably curly;  
Prince Bobby, I think, was his name.



He rode to the shore at a gallop;  
He sailed on the turbulent sound;  
He reached, in his venturesome shallop,  
The realm where the Pudding is found.

Undaunted by afreets and wizards,  
A glittering falchion he drew;  
Battalions of goggle-eyed lizards  
And three-headed giants he slew.



By gnomes of the mountains befriended,  
He won to the horrible lair,—  
A sulphury cavern, defended  
By Harpies and griffins;—and where,

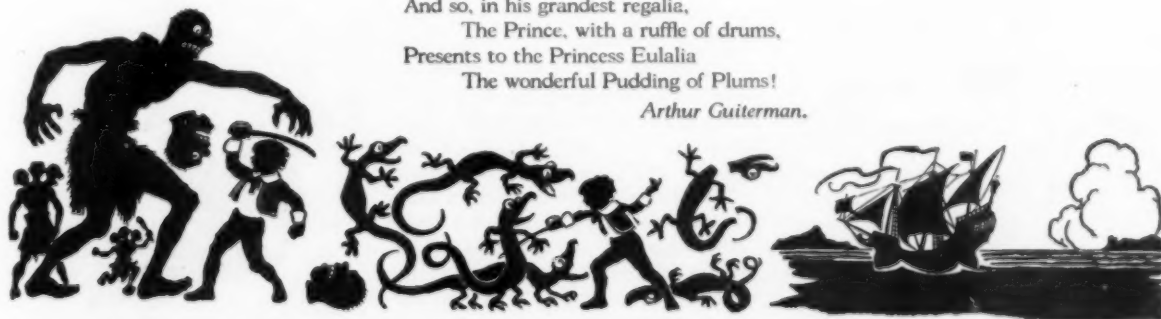
Computing the worth of his treasure,  
A dragon was doing his sums,  
He saw, in a ten-gallon measure,  
A wonderful Pudding of Plums!



"Aha! I am fondest of prince-meat!"  
The dragon audaciously roared.  
The dragon is shredded to mince-meat  
Beneath the invincible sword.

And so, in his grandest regalia,  
The Prince, with a ruffle of drums,  
Presents to the Princess Eulalia  
The wonderful Pudding of Plums!

Arthur Guiterman.



# The Silent Drama

TWO worthy pictures are up for consideration this week; it so happens that both are the work of foreign directors who came to these occasionally hospitable shores in quest of recognition. The fact that they have been given the chance to achieve it is a tribute to the fairness of our much-maligned movie producers.

The doors to Hollywood should be kept open. There is plenty of room in that spectacular community for new ideas, new points of view. Whether they come from Germany or from Merton Gill's home town, they should be welcomed and made to feel at home.

## "Forbidden Paradise"

THERE is no further doubt in my mind that Ernst Lubitsch is now the greatest director of them all. He has the artistic sensibility which is essential to the making of effective pictures; he is intelligent, he is subtle, he understands the rudiments of dramatic construction and, what is rarest and most important of all, he has a delicately tuned sense of comedy.

All of these commendable qualities stand out boldly in "Forbidden Paradise"—the best picture that Lubitsch has ever made. It is an admirable example of perfect craftsmanship.

The story is based on "The Czarina," which dealt in an engagingly irreverent manner with the celebrated indiscre-

tions of Catherine of Russia. In deference to the movie public, the action of the piece has been advanced to modern times and the locale assigned to a mythical Slavic monarchy; but in its essence, the spirit of the original remains—more potent, if anything, for the inspiration that Lubitsch has injected.

Pola Negri plays the Queen, an alluring lady whose affection for her subjects was something more than maternal. She is far more beautiful and infinitely less obstreperous than I have ever seen her. There is no trace of crudity or exaggeration in her performance; she is a graceful, sophisticated, civilized seductress, and one can readily sympathize with the young officers of her bodyguard who fall, in squads and platoons, for her charms.

She receives superlatively efficient support from Adolphe Menjou and Rod La Rocque—naturally fine actors, both of them, and considerably better than usual because of Lubitsch's direction.

"FORBIDDEN PARADISE" ventures frequently into the Never-Never Land wherein the wild censors dwell, but I cannot conceive that there should be any objections to that. It is not exactly a parish-house production—but, at the same time, it avoids entirely the vulgarity and furtive coarseness of such tawdry efforts as "Flaming Youth."

It is, in fact, a great picture.

## "He Who Gets Slapped"

THE Swedish director, Victor Seastrom, has made Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped" into a movie of enormous vitality, and has done so by amazingly skilful manipulation of pictorial effect. He has told a story entirely in terms of lights and shadows.

"He Who Gets Slapped," as a play, was picturesque, interesting and practically impossible of comprehension. I for one have never been able to decide what it was all about; whenever any one asks me for my impressions of it,

I can only murmur, "Highly significant," and move rapidly on. The film version fails to clear up this obscurity; but from it, even more than from the play, one derives a picture of an oppressed soul who finds cynical solace in the heavy-handed buffets of the circus ring. It is the ultimate portrait of the clown whose heart is breaking beneath the tinsel—the dramatization of the comic strip in which Krazy Kat invariably ends up by stepping into a well-aimed brick.

Lon Chaney is superb as *He*. His performance seethes with an intense sincerity, and is regulated by a surprising sense of restraint. The others of the cast, under Seastrom's guidance, are excellent.

IN one respect, "He Who Gets Slapped" fails to be convincing: we are made to see clearly the tragedy of the ironical situation, but we're not so sure about the hilarious humor. When *He* and his fellow clowns come out to do their act, and convulse the surrounding spectators with laughter, we can't quite understand what's so darned funny about it. Their antics appear to be singularly dismal and mirthless.

*He* is unquestionably a pitiful figure. But he's also a bum clown.

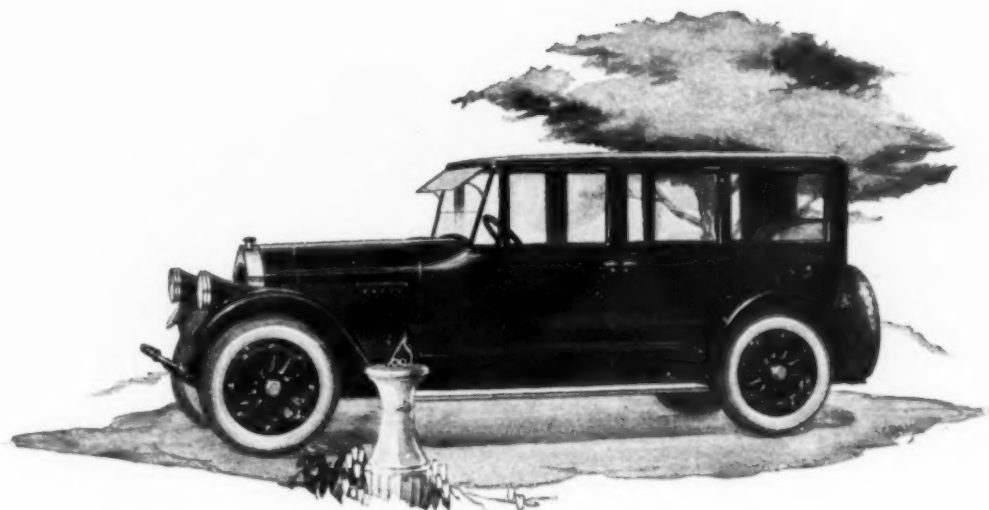
R. E. Sherwood.



POLA NEGRI IN "FORBIDDEN PARADISE"



LON CHANEY IN "HE WHO GETS SLAPPED"



*The Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve Six, Seven-Passenger Sedan, selected by J. V. de Laveaga, Esq. For this car, Mr. de Laveaga chose a finish of dark maroon. The striping of deep brown on the body, hood and wheels is divided by a hairline stripe of cream. The fenders finished in black give an effective contrast. Heather mixture upholstery was chosen to harmonize with this color scheme.*

To owners of the Pierce-Arrow Dual-Valve Six, a motor car is more than a means of transportation. It is an integral part of a whole background of well-ordered living. Such a car, naturally, cannot be produced by ordinary methods, or in more than limited numbers.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY BUILDS TWO TYPES OF MOTOR CARS,  
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ARROW



### R. I. P.

Here lie the remains of a radio fan,  
Now mourned by his many relations;  
He went to a powder-mill, smoking his  
pipe,  
And was picked up by twenty-one sta-  
tions.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

### Capacity

The street car was jammed, and at the  
stop several people hammered vainly on  
the door for admittance.

"Slip your money under the door," said  
the conductor, "and come back to-morrow  
night."—*Toronto Telegram.*

### The Perfect Lover

From a woman's story paper:

"He kissed her, removing his cigarette from  
his lips first."

Who dares to say that our manners are  
not improving?—*London Daily News.*

"CHILDREN Sing for WBZ," says a  
headline in a Boston paper. Which goes  
Castoria one better.—*Boston Transcript.*



THE MOVING STAIRCASE

First Convivial Soul: DON'T FOR-  
GET, SHTEP OFF RIGHT FOOT FIRSHT!  
—*London Opinion.*

### When Barrie Met Stevenson

What a charming story this of Sir  
James M. Barrie's about his only meet-  
ing with Robert Louis Stevenson!  
Stevenson, it seems—then a stranger to  
Barrie—bumped him on the street while  
Barrie was on his way to a class at the  
University of Edinburgh. Barrie glared  
and Stevenson stopped, finally turning  
around and coming back.

"After all," he said, "God made me."

"He is getting careless," said Barrie.

Stevenson's first intention was to land  
a good swipe with his cane, but he  
thought better of it.

"Do I know you?" he asked, but with  
such charm that Barrie replied:

"No, but I wish you did."

"Let's pretend that I do," said Steven-  
son. So they went off to a tavern,  
marked the score on the wall, and wound  
up with a terrific argument over Mary  
Queen of Scots.—*New York World.*

### One of the Rejected

"Are you related to her by marriage?"

"No, I'm her brother by refusal."

—*Columbia Jester.*

ALAS! Good neighborhoos die young,  
also.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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## "SKIPPY"—

### Volume One

PERCY L. CROSBY'S "Skippy" has become  
a figure of national importance. His appear-  
ance in book form is a historical event, and will  
be hailed joyously by all those who have been  
privileged to meet him in the pages of LIFE.

"Skippy" is enormously popular, not primarily  
because he is funny—but because he is *real*. He  
represents a composite portrait of all American  
boys—from Tom Sawyer to Penrod. His be-  
havior is recognized and understood by every one  
who has a Skippy of his own.

The "Skippy" book contains over one hundred  
and fifty separate drawings by Mr. Crosby, all  
of them highly observant, absolutely truthful  
and uproariously funny.

It forms a Christmas present of vast value; one  
that will be equally acceptable to all members  
of the family.

Order the Skippy Book now from  
your bookseller or from LIFE—  
598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

THE PRICE IS ONLY \$2.00



### CHRISTMAS EVE TRIANGLE

Jealous Young Husband: NO MATTER WHO YOU ARE,  
SIR, I'VE GOT A VERY GOOD MIND TO NAME YOU AS  
CORESPONDENT

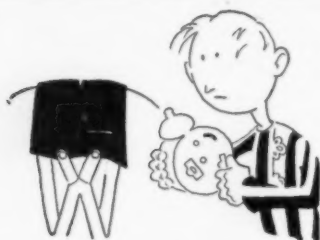




MISTRESS: "DO YOU THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE BEFORE I LEAVE, YVETTE?"

MAID: "YES, ONE THING—BUT I DON'T LIKE TO SPEAK ABOUT IT."

[ Listerine used as a mouth wash quickly overcomes halitosis (unpleasant breath). ]



### Tomorrow morning

Enjoy a new kind of shave: a shave that not only softens your beard—quick—but leaves your skin refreshed all day long. Your dealer has it. Large size tube 85c; double size tube 50c, containing twice as much cream.

## Williams Shaving Cream

With the Hinge—Cap you can't lose.

### Ballistics

A new 16-inch coast-defense gun is said to throw a ton of metal twenty-eight miles out to sea. How far would it throw a saxophone, and why not?

—Detroit News.



### THE SERMON ON DRESS

"FINALLY, MY DEAR SISTERS, REMEMBER THAT BY EXHIBITING BARE ARMS TOO THIN OR TOO LARGE YOU ARE INTERFERING WITH OUR VOCATION, WHICH IS TO RENOUNCE SUCH THINGS, BELIEVING THEM TO BE DESIRABLE!"

—Le Rire (Paris).

### MEDITERRANEAN (Jan. 31) AROUND THE WORLD (Jan. 30) NORWAY and MEDITERRANEAN (July 1)

Seasonal cruises by superb, specially chartered, new, oil-burning Cunarders. Reasonable rates include hotels, drives, guides, fees, etc. European stopovers.

### LONGEST EXPERIENCED MANAGEMENT

Expert staff. Limited membership.

SOUTH AMERICA. Small party leaves Jan. 22. Please specify program desired.

CLARK'S TOURS Times Bldg., N. Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### How Jerry Bent His Nose

There was quite a big dent in Jerry's nose. It looked as if it had been broken once, as I supposed, in a fight, and one night I asked him about it.

"No," he said, shaking his head sadly, "it wasn't broke in any scrap."

"How did you get it dented, then?" I asked.

But he seemed rather shy about explaining the cause of his misfortune.

"Oh, you fellows would laugh at me if I told you," he said.

However, finally we coaxed him to tell us all about it.

"I was in bed one night," he began, "and had the delirium tremens. All of a sudden I heard a lot of guns going off. Then a bugle called and I sat up in bed. Bands were playing, and I saw about 10,000 soldiers marching around the room. Some fellow yelled out, 'We are at war! Fall in!' In all the excitement I jumped out of bed and joined in the parade, with all these fellows marching around the room, and we marched and marched and marched. Finally, they started marching through the keyhole. I tried to follow them, and in trying to get through the keyhole I broke my nose!"

—James J. Corbett, in Saturday Evening Post.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

### That Boston Joke

A number of boys were playing baseball in a vacant lot in Boston, when the ball crashed through the window of an adjacent house. The wrathful householder stormed out in pursuit of the guilty ones. He managed to capture one spectacled, slow-footed youth.

"I didn't do it, mister! I wasn't playing with them," the lad panted.

"Then what did you run for?" roared the injured man.

"I—I'm afraid that I was a victim of the prevailing mob hysteria, sir."

—Country Gentleman.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### A Determined Man

"I told my wife that if she bobbed her hair I would leave her."

"But she bobbed it; and you're still living with her?"

"You bet I am. I'll show her she can't bluff me."—Houston Post-Dispatch.

FRIEND: You had a very fashionable audience, didn't you?

PIANIST: Very. At one time there was not a single person in the room who was listening.—Boston Transcript.

NOTHING can be mockier than mock duck.—Ohio State Journal.



### Slenderness will make you more attractive~

Are you worried because you are overweight? Afraid you are losing your charm, your youthful figure?

Stout women are at a disadvantage. Pretty clothes no longer fit them, their movements are awkward, their attractiveness deserts them. Friends are sympathetic.

But many of these friends have a secret method of keeping slender! They use Marmola Tablets (thousands of men and women each year regain slender figures this way). These tablets will make you slender again, too. Try them. No exercises or diets—just a pleasant, healthful way of becoming slender.

All drug stores have them—one dollar a box. Or they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Co., 1843 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

## MARMOLA

Prescription Tablets  
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

### Love Song

The sea is whooping up for fair;

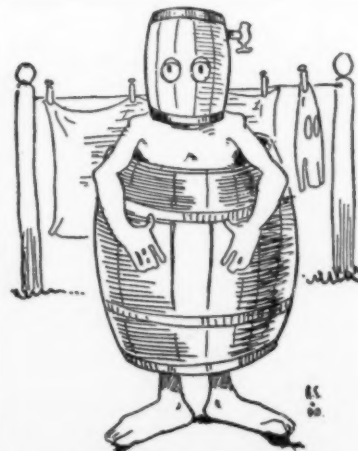
The sea-gulls mew;

The ship is lurching here and there—  
And so are you.

Your gaze upon the deck, you do  
Not look at me.

And I—I do not look at you,  
But at the sea.—Yale Record.

An artist is known by the critics he praises.—Musical Courier.



A KU KLUX WASH-DAY  
—The Caveman (Wabash College).

## The Glass Blower's Christmas

(Continued from page 11)

market, has been flooded by the heavy December rains. I now declare the meeting open for discussion.

A GRAYBEARD: Let us make glass cigarette holders.

ANOTHER GRAYBEARD: Let us make little novelty perfume bottles.

A BEARD WHICH HAS HAD A HENNA WASH: Let us make dolls' eyes, earrings and colored bracelets.

(Loud cries of "boo" greet all these suggestions.)

FULP: Gentlemen all, these senile vaporings are worthless. We are in desperate straits. For a proper solution, I will give anything—even my daughter's hand. Can no glass blower save our reputation and our lives?

PRONTZ (making his way amid jeers and catcalls to the platform): Yes, I can!

FULP: You?

PRONTZ: Under those conditions, I.

FULP: You, the village Figure of Fun?

PRONTZ (loftily): The lonely steps of genius are ever mocked and derided. Proud glass blowers, you sneered because I would not give you lusty blow for blow. Yet all the time I was trying to establish the future comfort of our tribe forever.

FULP: Is that so? And with what?

PRONTZ (in a dramatic gesture he discloses a handful of tiny glass globules): With these!

FULP: Those? What are they?

PRONTZ: What are they?

THE VILLAGERS (in one voice): Yes! Yes! What are they?

PRONTZ: Artificial glass bubbles for Prohibition champagne!

(Giving a wild cry of joy, Chemille throws herself into his arms.)

CURTAIN.

Henry William Hanemann.

HE: Look, our captain is going to kick the goal!

SHE: What did the goal do?

ELEGY in a Modern Art Gallery:  
The curfew tolls the knell of parting dadaism.



## NEIGHBORS

When Ephraim Crosby made a clearing far out on Valley Road and built his house, he had no neighbors. He lived an independent life, producing on the farm practically all that his family ate and wore. Emergencies—sickness and fire and protection of his homestead from prowlers—he met for himself. Later he had neighbors, one five and another eight miles away. Sometimes he helped them with their planting and harvesting, and they helped him in turn. Produce was marketed in the town, twenty miles along the cart-road.

Today Ephraim Crosby's grandchildren still live in the homestead, farming its many acres. The next house is a good mile away. But the Crosbys of today are not isolated. They neighbor with a nation. They buy and sell in the far city as well as in the county-seat. They have at their call the assistance and services of men in Chicago or New York, as well as men on the next farm.

Stretching from the Crosbys' farm living-room are telephone wires that lead to every part of the nation. Though they live in the distant countryside, the Crosbys enjoy the benefits of national telephone service as wholly as does the city dweller. The plan and organization of the Bell System has extended the facilities of the telephone to all types of people. By producing a telephone service superior to any in the world at a cost within the reach of all to pay, the Bell System has made America a nation of neighbors.



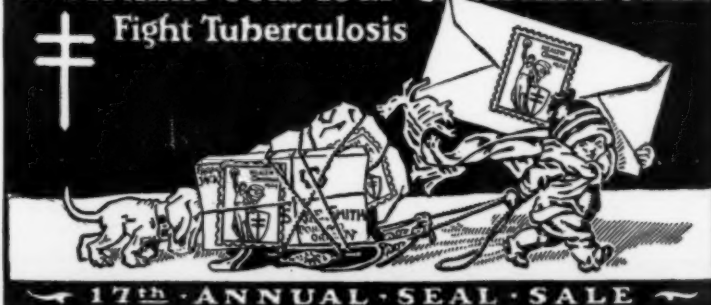
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

**BELL SYSTEM**

*One Policy, One System, Universal Service*

## Christmas Seal Your Christmas Mail

Fight Tuberculosis



"YOU ARE CHOKING ME WITH YOUR HOOF, JEAN-CLAUDE—I WON'T PLAY HORSE ANY MORE."  
"BUT YOU AREN'T A HORSE, GRANDPA! I'M HOLDING THE STEERING WHEEL OF AN AUTOMOBILE."  
—L'Illustration (Paris).



## All Together Now—

**S**EVEN dogs with seven barks can make quite a lot of noise, especially when they are trying to convey to you an important piece of news in the only language that they know.

Briefly, the announcement which is causing such a merry stir in canine circles is that

### LIFE'S Dog Calendar

for 1925 is now out. That's something for all the world and his dog to get excited about.

If you like dogs—and of course you do—you will want the Dog Calendar to adorn your wall in the coming year. Here are some of the finest dog portraits done in color by such eminently competent dog painters as R. L. Dickey, B. Cory Kilvert and Warren Davis to remind you of the affection that man owes to the best friend he has.

LIFE's Dog Calendar is beautifully printed on fine card stock, and issued in limited edition. Order it NOW.

**Price, prepaid, \$1.00**

#### Famous Cals

---ifornia  
Radi---  
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Opti--- illusion  
Nauti---  
--- Coolidge  
LIFE'S Dog ---endar

This Calendar will be sold only  
by  
**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
598 Madison Avenue  
New York



## Music

(Continued from page 20)

THE elaborate system of vocal gymnastics, trills, runs, and staccato passages, generally summed up as "coloratura," is gradually achieving the deserved reputation of pure bunk. Florid singing is and always has been an utterly artificial process, analogous to the performance of a daily dozen in public.

Why should vocal exercises be dragged out on the concert stage or into an opera? They are undoubtedly useful in developing the necessary flexibility of voice, but why inflict them on any audience?

The day of individual pyrotechnics in song is about over. Everybody knows now that the Mad Scene in "Lucia" is a silly proceeding, calculated to wreck even a far better opera. When the gargling is done by a tenor or baritone, the absurdity is still more apparent.

Song is the musical wedding of words and music, not a chopping-block for agile vocal cords.

Sigmund Spaeth.

## A Few Definitions

(According to a Young-Man-About-Town)

AFTERNOON tea—another term for cocktails.

Dinner—a good excuse to drink.

A "speak-easy"—a place where the conversation is particularly loud.

A supper club—a resort which is in no sense a club, and where it is impossible to sup.

The country—a place through which one passes in order to reach the city.

A neighbor—some one you don't know.

A friend—some one who drinks most of your liquor.

A relation—some one you never see.

Marriage—life's most comic tragedy.

Prohibition—life's most serious joke.

C. G. S.

# One Week Ago

*Those teeth had a dingy film*

Accept this offer and try for a few days a new teeth cleaning method. Millions now employ it. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show how much it means.

## Combat the film

Now your teeth have a viscous film. It clings to teeth, resists the tooth brush, enters crevices and stays.

Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

## Became alarming

So few escaped these troubles that conditions became alarming. Then dental science sought ways to fight film.



Two effective methods have been found. One acts to disintegrate the film, one to remove it without harmful scouring. Both were embodied in a new-type tooth paste, called Pepsodent. Now that tooth paste has come into world-wide use, largely by dental advice.

## Aids nature, too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Watch these effects for a few days. You will quickly see and feel them.

Send for this 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

You will be amazed and delighted. Cut out coupon now.

## Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

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**10-DAY TUBE FREE**

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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from

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## I Kiss Jenny

(Confessions of a Movie Star)  
ORIGINAL STORY BY LEIGH HUNT

I KISS Jenny in each set  
That the 'script says we two kiss in;  
Picture fans, who love to get  
Facts into your talk, put this in:  
Say I'm weary—say I've had  
Movie kisses far too many;  
Say I hate her face, but add—  
I kiss Jenny.

E. J. K.

## Local Pride

TOURIST (to village constable): Anything in this town worth stopping to see?

CONSTABLE: Wa-all, we got the oldest livin' jaywalker.

## Golf this winter at BELLEAIR, FLA.



### The Belleview HOTEL & COTTAGES

Open Monday January 5th

A new addition to the Belleview of 144 rooms and baths has been completed. Every year a larger number of golfers regard Belleair as the only place in winter.

Two famous 18-hole courses. Frequent tournaments, attracting leading golfers. All sports on land and water. Biltmore service and cuisine.

Thru Pullman to the doors from New York and Chicago. For information or reservations, address The Biltmore, N.Y.

John McEntee Bowman, President  
Earle E. Carley, Vice-Pres. C. A. Judkins, Mgr.

### The Louvain Library Fund

THE Louvain Library was destroyed during the War, and our neighbors sorely needed help in its rebuilding.

After the four years, the small country that caught the first brunt of the fighting was badly off. In days of old the true neighbor of the wounded man was he who showed mercy to him, and we are told to do likewise, so America promised the Belgians their Library should be restored. Let us now make good. With pleasure we list two other friends.

Previously acknowledged.....\$531.60  
M. H. G..... 18.40  
James H. M. Campbell..... 5.00

\$555.00

Checks, payable to LIFE, marked "For Louvain Library Fund," will be duly forwarded.

### The Slacker

A YOUNG married woman has been crowned Queen of the Crossword Puzzlers. Judge of her husband's shame when, in years to come, the little ones cluster at his knee and ask: "And what did *you* do in the Great Tournament, Grandpapa?"

### Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 10)

expected. Then up, and out along Madison Avenue to pick up a few objects of indeterminate value against the usual mad emergency dash on Christmas Eve, but I saw little that I myself should care to possess which came within my means, so sadly home, lamenting that it is not proper to send sheets of postage stamps or some other staple necessity by way of Yuletide benevolence. The Christmas spirit does never seize me until holly is visibly on the market and messenger boys begin to stagger about under great white boxes. Then do I become such a zany that I can telephone for eleventh hour mistletoe with a straight face.

December 4th

Awake early, with a strange feeling that this date is the birthday of somebody I know, and thankful, after some pondering, that I could not remember who it is. Samuel in, asking me mysterious questions in an innocent manner with a view to determining what he shall give me for Christmas, and I do thank God that judges and juries do not see through him as clearly as I do, else we should both be inmates of an eleemosynary institution. Lord! I do hope that this year he will not buy me some costly bauble which I could well do without. There come times in every one's life when a sizeable cheque breaks even with a good name in superiority to rubies... This day I did contract a severe cold, thereby bringing to an end my annual campaign against the wearing of woolen hosiery.

Baird Leonard.

## Free Dog Book

by noted specialist. Tells how to  
**FEED AND TRAIN**  
your dog

**KEEP HIM HEALTHY**

**CURE DOG DISEASES**

How to put dog in condition, kill fleas, cure scratching, mange, distemper. Gives twenty-five famous

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a regular pipe absorbing 19% Nicotin, 85% Pyridin, 33% Ammoniac. \$5.90. Literature free.

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INTERNATIONAL MERCHANT MARINE COMPANY

### Three Ways to Get a Free Ticket to Russia

1. READ through the Old Testament; pick out some of the declarations of the seers of the day regarding the rights of the people; take them out of their poetic dress and phrase them in modern English.

2. Go back in American History to 1787 and 1788; dig up some of the objections to the Constitution then made by the most reputable statesmen and editors of the day; repeat them within earshot of General Dawes.

3. Repair to the Newspaper Room of your library; get copies of the leading papers published during the campaign of 1912; take from them some of Woodrow Wilson's remarks about Wall Street—and try to oppose an increase in the tariff rates on wool by quoting those sentiments as your own!

P. W. K.

### Correct This Sentence

COLD EIGHT OWNER (after collision with Ford): Here, my man, take this five hundred and buy yourself a new car.

FORD OWNER: Oh, that's too much; twenty-five will do.

# Here's a Good Christmas Card Trick For You!



It's very simple—you can do it with no practice at all.

*First*—you think of some friend who should have a real remembrance from you this hollyday season.

*Next*—you write the name and address on the coupon at the bottom of this page, placing the result in an envelope, together with a \$5 bill (or check, or even postal order, so long as it stands for U. S. money) for every name and address.

*Then*—if you mark the envelope for us, and put a stamp on it, *and mail it*, we will get it, won't we, Mr. Postmaster General? And your friend will get, come Christmas morning, one of those cute Crosby cards shown at top of page, announcing that the recipient is going to have all the fun in LIFE for 1925, thanks to you. In which we join.



You're welcome—to Obey That Impulse at any time!

I enclose \$-----for-----subscriptions to  
LIFE to be sent in my name.

Please send LIFE  
for one year to

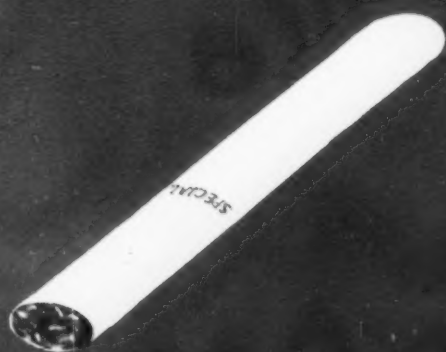
Please send LIFE  
for one year to

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

One Year, \$5.00

(Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60)





## PALL MALL SPECIALS

At thirty cents for  
twenty cigarettes  
Pall Mall *Specials*  
are the greatest  
quality purchase in  
the world—in any line

*The Specials come in plain ends only*

*No change in taste or price of Pall Mall  
Regular or Frank tip  
A shilling in London, a quarter here*

THEY ARE GOOD TASTE